

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXVIII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

Town-House, Maestricht.



MAESTRICHT is one of the largest and most ancient towns in the Netherlands, and one of the best fortified places in Europe. It is also remarkable for its well-paved streets and its public buildings, one of the chief of which is the Town-House. Of this noble structure

we present a correct view, from a drawing by a Flemish artist. It is built entirely of stone, and is surmounted by an elegant tower, with a fine chime of bells. It is quite isolated, and occupies the centre of the public square. The interior is as admirable in its arrangement, as the ex-

terior is ornamental; and in one of the rooms, which are of large dimensions, there is an excellent library.

The history of Maestricht is interesting. The possession of it was secured by the Emperor Charles V., at the diet of Augsburg, who united it to the duchy of Brabant, although it is insulated in the bishoprick of Liège. Maestricht revolted from Spain in the year 1750; and in the year 1579, the Prince of Parma besieged and took it, after a siege of four months, when it was pillaged and sacked, and about eight thousand persons miserably perished. The Spaniards kept possession of it till the year 1632, when Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange, laid siege to it again. The city was defended only by a garrison of twenty-five hundred men, under the command of the Baron de Loda, nephew to the Count de Motery, an officer of great experience, who chanced to be absent when the Prince of Orange formed the siege. That prince carried on his approaches with his usual caution, while the baron performed all that youth, fire, and an eager thirst of glory could inspire. With his only troop of cavalry he reconnoitred the disposition of the Dutch trenches, maintained a sharp conflict, and returned with a number of prisoners superior to his whole party; an advantage which so elated the inhabitants, that the whole, without distinction, even the clergy and women, determined to second the vigorous efforts of their intrepid governor, and labour in repairing the fortifications. A rally was made to burn all the surrounding houses, which could any way assist the approach of the besieged; but the garrison was repulsed with great slaughter. All the batteries being finished by the 14th of June, the rest of the month was employed in battering the walls, and advancing the works, which the besieged endeavoured to obstruct by a great number of vigorous sallies. Sometimes they proved successful, and in one sally they destroyed two batteries, filled up part of the trenches, and made prodigious carnage. Mean time the Spaniards, sensible that Maestricht was a town of the last importance, were collecting all their strength for its relief, and, not satisfied with their own forces, had recourse to the assistance of their allies. Gonzales de Cordova, with a body of forces drawn from the Palatinate, presented himself before the trenches, upon which he played with twenty-four pieces of heavy cannon; but endeavouring to force his way into the town, was vigorously repulsed by the French and English auxiliaries. The Sieur d'Estiaux particularly distinguished

himself in this affair, pursuing the enemy across the river with such impetuosity, that he penetrated the Spanish camp, threw it in great confusion, and retired with a considerable number of prisoners. Gonzales, collecting his dispersed troops, attempted to seize all the avenues leading to the Dutch camp, and thereby cut off their provisions; but the Prince of Orange took such measures as effectually baffled the project of the Spaniards. Six weeks had now been consumed in this siege, during which a variety of sallies and assaults were made, which gave it so much reputation, that volunteers flocked from all quarters of Europe, to learn the art of war under Prince Henry. On the 22nd of July, the Marquis de Santa Cruz arrived with his whole army before the trenches, and attempted to force a passage over the Meuse at Stockem, but his troops were so roughly handled, that he was forced to wait patiently for the arrival of his artillery and the German auxiliaries under Pappenheim, one of the best officers in the emperor's service. When the Prince of Orange understood that this reinforcement had joined the Spanish general, he redoubled his vigilance, placed stronger guards at all the posts, and ordered William of Nassau to join the camp with the troops he had levied in the neighbourhood of Nimmegean. Nor had Pappenheim reason to be satisfied with the reception given him by the Marquis de Santa Cruz and the Spanish officers, who were jealous of his reputation, and afraid he would arrogate to himself the whole honour of relieving Maestricht. To prevent this disgrace, he sent the Duke of Newburg with proposals to the Prince of Orange, for changing hostilities into a negotiation. Pappenheim, incensed at the usage, declared by a trumpet, that he was come with the imperial army to oppose the Dutch, and immediately advanced to force the prince's entrenchments. The Hollanders sustained the attack with great firmness, and at last drove back the Imperialists with prodigious slaughter. Pappenheim then entrenched himself opposite to Count Stirum's quarters, with intention to seize the first opportunity of throwing succours into the town. To second his design, the besieged made a sally, furiously attacked the English quarters, and filled the trenches with blood. Above four thousand British soldiers perished in this action, including the Lord Oxford and Colonel Williams.

After Pappenheim had fully examined the posts, the strength and situation of the besiegers, he disposed every thing for a second attack, and on the 18th of August

he planted his cannon, and drew up his army in order of battle. Two regiments of carbiners composed the van, followed by all the infantry, with fascines to fill up the trenches; the cavalry supported both wings. The attack was so impetuous, that notwithstanding the trenches were choked up with their dead, the Germans still pressed on, and obliged the Dutch to abandon their advanced works. The fight was obstinately maintained for three hours, when the Prince of Orange arrived with fresh troops, conducted by the Dukes de Candale and Bouillon, and a body of volunteers formed out of the flower of the French nobility. They attacked the Germans in flank with irresistible fury: the scale of fortune was now changed, and the Imperialists in their turn put in disorder, defeated, and driven from the entrenchments. The brave Imperialist was shocked to see the Spaniards cool spectators of the slaughter of his troops; he complained to the Marquis de Santa Cruz: but his application meeting only with ridicule, he determined once more to exert his valour, and demonstrate that he could finish his business without their assistance. A second time he returned to the charge: both sides of the Dutch camp were attacked, and he actually forced the trenches with his cavalry. He sustained the attack from one till seven in the evening, the Spaniards all the while remaining quiet spectators of his extraordinary efforts of gallantry and conduct. The artillery, musketry, grenades, bombs, and carbines, continued an unrelenting discharge, and the clouds of smoke obscured the light, and made it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other. Prince Henry, the Dukes de Candale and Bouillon, Count John Maurice of Nassau, and the French volunteers, opposed their utmost vigour to the fury of Pappenheim, who performed every duty of a soldier and great general. Perceiving his troops gave way, he erected gibbets behind, and forced them in despair to return to the attack, to avoid a more ignominious death. The garrison finding such astonishingly brave efforts made for their relief, resolved to contribute their endeavours, and sallied out vigorously upon the English quarters, made a considerable diversion, but were at last repulsed with loss, after an obstinate engagement. The Germans were discouraged by the defeat of the besieged. They had repeatedly come back to the charge, and were as often repulsed. Now they were fatigued, exhausted, and broken, while the Dutch poured in fresh to the attack, and relieved the troops that had suffered. After one furious unsuccessful

attempt, Pappenheim retired in tolerable order, leaving two thousand killed on the field, and nine hundred wounded prisoners. Prince Henry, finding himself disengaged from so formidable an opponent as the imperial general, and having nothing to apprehend from the Spaniards, who seemed to lie encamped at a little distance, only to give testimony to his valiant exploits, pushed the siege with redoubled vigour. The British troops sprung a mine on the 20th of August, which destroyed great part of the ravelin; the garrison and burghers flew in crowds to the breach, where the Baron de Leda fought in person with amazing intrepidity, and after a bloody action, drove the besiegers back to their camp. Several women, mixed with the men, distinguished themselves, and extremely galled the assailants with their hand-grenades. Above three hundred British soldiers, and about eighty of the besieged, perished; several women likewise were slain and wounded. But this success served only to protract the siege, it could not determine the fate of the garrison. The breach was stormed a second time, and carried sword in hand; an incident which so alarmed the burghers, that in a body they besought the baron to save their lives and effects by a capitulation. After having used some fruitless endeavours to persuade them to continue their defence a few days longer, he signed the capitulation, and obtained the most honourable conditions.

In 1634, Maestricht was fruitlessly invested by the Spanish general, the Marquis d'Aydone; and in 1673, Louis XIV. invested it in person with a numerous army, and it surrendered in thirteen days. In the year 1676, the Prince of Orange being reinforced by the army of the Duke of Villa Hermosa, and the Comte de Waldeck, attempted to retake it; he employed the choicest of his troops, both infantry and cavalry, who fought on foot: he had already gained the counterscarp, and was preparing to storm the place, though repulsed three times: the besieged made a brave defence, animated by the example of Francis Calvo, a Catalan, commander of the city in the absence of Marechal d'Estrades, at that time attending the conference at Nimmegean. Calvo told the engineers that he did not understand the defence of places, but that he would fight to the last drop of his blood; disease had made great havoc in the prince's army; the Marechal Schomberg was advancing to the relief of the place; these circumstances all united together, compelled the prince to abandon the enterprise after a siege of fifty-one days, leaving

behind him part of his cannon and baggage, with the loss of upwards of eight thousand men. The prince was wounded in the hand, and the rhyngrave was killed in the siege. By the peace of Nimmegean, Maestricht was restored to the Dutch, and accordingly they took possession of it the 6th of November, 1678. At the same time the towns of Dalem, Fauquemont, and other places, were ceded to the Dutch, on condition that the Roman Catholics might be allowed the free exercise of their religion. In the year 1748, Maestricht was again invested by the French, on the 3rd day of April. The garrison consisted of imperial and Dutch troops, under the conduct of the governor, Baron d'Aylva, who defended the place with extraordinary skill and resolution. He annoyed the besiegers in repeated sallies; but they were determined to surmount all opposition, and prosecuted their approaches with incredible ardour. They assaulted the covered way, in which they effected a lodgment, after an obstinate dispute, in which they lost two thousand of their best troops; but next day they were entirely dislodged by the gallantry of the garrison. These hostilities were suddenly suspended in consequence of the preliminaries signed at Aix-la-Chapelle. The plenipotentiaries agreed, that, for the glory of his Christian Majesty's arms, the town of Maestricht should be surrendered to his general, on condition that it should be restored, with all the magazines and artillery. He accordingly took possession of it on the third day of May, when the garrison marched out with all the honours of war; and a cessation of arms immediately ensued.

THREE SONNETS, DESCRIPTIVE OF NOVEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

I.

WRAPT in dim fogs, which make the day seem night,
The hoar NOVEMBER treads unseen. We hear
His feet rustling through fallen leaves and scar:
We scent his yellow breath, that chokes us
quite;
We know he comes—that rheumy wheezing
wight—
And look for him with eyes grown dim and
blear,
That pry for distant things, yet see not near—
For blindness stumbles less than doubtful sight.
Happy are they who, in close domiciles,
Trim Learning's lamp, and Comfort's sparkling
fire—
Listening the while the hymning Muse's lyre,
Or Love's, or Friendship's talk,—which lightly
wiles
The tedious and dull time, with matters sweet,
That make the leaden hours, as footless mo-
ments fleet.

II.

NATURAL APPEARANCES OF NOVEMBER.

FARTHER and farther rolls the sun's pale fire,
And the last flowers die on summer's corpse;
The winter winds grow stronger voice and force,
As the woods feel, that fall beneath their ire,
Strewing the earth with their own funeral pyre;
And chafed rivers rave till they are hoarse,
Whilst Boreas, rushing forward his fierce
course,
Sweeps their white waves as they were Arion's
lyre.

Dark, sullen month, of cheerless days like
night,
The homeless wanderers, the pined and poor,
Who nightly lie at Comfort's closed door,
Feel thy torpedo touch,—which coldly bites
Them to the heart, and stifles their hard
breath,
Till they die, senseless that their sleep is death!

III.

LONDON IN NOVEMBER.

Oh, mighty city! proud rival to proud Rome
(May never thou be rival of her fall!)
November's clouds hang o'er thee like a pall,
Muffling the mind with a funeral gloom—
To me thou art no better than a tomb,
That buries life like death. I stifle call
On Help, who hears me not; and see my doom;
Yet cannot pass my loathsome dungeon's wall:
Stern Hardship holds me with short-reaching
chains,
That bind me, like a maniac, to the earth—
So that I may not forth to hear the mirth
And voice of winds and waves, and bird and
bee;
Nor once behold high mountains, vasty plains,
And watch the workings of earth, sky, and sea.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

ERROR IN THE ALMANACKS AS TO EASTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I beg leave to direct the public attention through the medium of your valuable and widely circulated periodical, to a most glaring error in "Francis Moore, Physician," "White's Ephemeris," and I believe in every other Almanack published for 1825, I allude to the fixing of the Feast of Easter. It is a generally acknowledged fact that this feast falls on the first Sunday after the first full moon, on or after the 21st of March; and the Prayer Books inform us, even Moore himself has more than once asserted it, that if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter Day is consequently the Sunday after. In accordance with this, the full moon happening next year on the 3rd of April, which is a Sunday—Query, should not the feast fall on the Sunday following, the 10th of April. Perhaps some of your numerous and intelligent correspondents can elucidate the subject. Yours, &c.

A. H. D. PASCHE.

THE HISTORY OF CANDLES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE word candle comes from *candela*, and that from *candor*, of *candeo*, I burn. The Roman candles were at first little strings dipped in pitch, or surrounded with wax; though afterwards they made them of the Papyrus, covered likewise with wax; and sometimes of rushes, by stripping off the outer rind, and only retaining the pith. In religious offices wax candles were used; for vulgar uses those of tallow. Lord Bacon proposes candles of divers compositions and ingredients, and also of different sorts of wicks, with experiments of the duration, and the light of each. Good housewives are said to bury their candles in flour or bran, which, it is said, increases their durability, almost one half. Some speak of perpetual candles made of Salamander wood.—See *Pliny and Bacon*. The Chinese obtain from the tallow-tree, a kind of vegetable fat with which they make candles. The surface of their candles is sometimes painted red. Their wicks are made of various materials. For their lamps they use the *Amiathus*, which burns without being consumable in fire, but for candles they use a light inflammable wood. The candle makers at Munich have for several years past prepared tallow candles with wooden wicks. Candle-wood, are slips of pine about the thickness of the finger, used in New England and other colonies, to burn instead of candles, giving a very good light. The French inhabitants of *Portuga*, use slips of yellow sandal-wood for candles, which yields a clear though greenish flame. In *Otaheite* they use for candles the kernels of an oily nut, annexed one above another, to a skewer that passes through them; the nuts answer the purpose of tallow, and the skewer that of a wick. Modern candles are well known to the Londoners from the Kensington mould to the twopenny flat. Venice is famous for wax candles, as well as Kensington. It is almost dusk; therefore, to save candle, I shall conclude.

P. T. W.

ON APPARITIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I OBSERVED in a late number of the MIRROR, a marvellous and astonishing narrative of an apparition, communicated in a letter from Dr. Walker to the Rev. J. Offley. I know not if the writer of that letter is living, and whether, if "in

the body," your excellent publication ever meets his eye. I can only hope it does. And if I am correct in my wish, I beg he will just refer to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1783, where he may find this extraordinary story with only a little slight variation—namely, That this startling, appalling visit of the deceased, Mr. Naylor, to his *ci-devant* friend, Mr. Shaw, was not at Souldern, Oxon, but at Mr. Shaw's own rooms, in St. John's College, Cambridge; that the ghostly visitant was accoutred in canonical gown and cassock; Mr. Shaw, the visited, being at the same time seated at his library table, reading and smoking tobacco. They conversed together, the dead and the living, for some time very freely, says the story.

So far the narrative in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and who for one moment ever doubted but that the whole was a dream? Gentlemen, in other places, as well as at College, indulge in reading and smoking, and are often found to relapse into day dreams, and why not in nocturnal ones? Who can believe that Mr. Shaw, not being wonderfully surprised, asked him, (*i. e.* the ghost,) how he did, and desired him to sit down, which said spectre did. What! a ghost popping in through the key-hole of my study door at the unearthly hour of twelve at night, clad "not in complete steel, but in "a suit of sabres," sitting down by my invitation, opening his marble jaws and conversing with me freely, and I not wonderfully surprised, no more than if a living, instead of a defunct brother cantab had thus announced himself. Mr. Shaw, doubtless, was a man of great nerve, and possessed more than ordinary firmness, for instead of welcoming his approach, I should rather have said, "hence avaunt," and being gone, exclaim, "I am a man again." But as Lord Byron says, "Let that pass."

Mr. Shaw does not go on to state whether he asked the ghost to take a social pipe with him, and why not? It was not very friendly or social, to say the least. If ghosts can sit down and converse freely, both of the future and the past, surely they might blow a cloud or two. Really, some bounds ought to be set to the marvellous, or I know not whether the fancies of men may lead them. Nothing whatever occurred between these worthies but what might have passed in a well concocted dream; nor is the relator correct in inferring that the subsequent fulfilment of the predictions "is a valid proof of its being a true vision." Many events as remarkable have followed singular dreams; and we have the testimony of the Opium Eater, that men may

he "buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes for a thousand years," during the visions of only one night. Of John Beaumont, the celebrated author of the *Treatise on Evil Spirits*, it is related that he was a man of an hypochondriacal disposition, and while labouring under this corporeal affection, he said that he saw hundreds of imaginary men and women about him. He had two spirits, he informs us, who constantly attended him night and day for about three months, who called each other by their names. Several spirits would often call at his chambers and ask whether such spirits lived there, calling them by their names, and they would answer they did. One spirit which came for several nights together and rung a little bell in his ear, told him that his name was Ariel. The two spirits that constantly attended him, were, it seems, *ladies* of a brown complexion, about three feet in stature; they had both, black loose net-work gowns, tied with a black sash about the middle, and within the net-work appeared a gown of a golden colour, with somewhat of a light striking through it. Their heads were not dressed in top-knots, but they had white linen caps with lace on them, and over it a black loose net-work hood. And the story of the assessor to the Westminster assembly, Mr. White, of Dorchester, is as follows:—It appears that one night this gentleman was honoured with a visit from the arch-fiend himself, whom he treated with a cool contempt, which must have astonished his satanic majesty. "The devil in a light night stood by his bed-side." The assessor looked awhile, whether he (*Diabolus*) would say or do any thing, and then said, "If thou hast nothing to do I have, and so turned himself to sleep."

I am, your's, &c.

F. W. D.

Queen Square, 30th Nov. 1824.

ERRORS IN "ROTHELAN."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—You have occasionally pointed out blunders in the Scottish Novels, and I beg to point out a few errors in the Romance of Rothelan.

In vol. ii. p. 213, is this mistake, "He was alone when Ralph Hanslap brought him the notice; he read it, and returned it as a paper of no interest, and, without saying a word, moved two or three steps towards the door of the chamber. The squire remained fixed on the spot, following him with his calm and cautious eye. Suddenly, as if recollecting some

forgotten matter, Sir Amias paused, and threw his eyes towards Ralph Hanslap, holding out at the same time the slip of parchment which bore the notice. Hanslap took it; but neither made any remark."

Page 301, "Edmund the Third" is written instead of "Edward the Third."

Vol. iii. p. 91, Adonijah is made to say, "it was your husband, and I was far his elder," &c. whereas it should be "it was your son, and I was," &c.

I remain, Sir, your's, with much respect. S. P. S.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

B—— Hall,

July 2, 1824.

SIR,—The following is a literal copy of a letter now in my possession, written by the Founder of American Independence, to his tailor in London. The gentleman alluded to in the letter was, I believe the general's agent in England, of the firm of "Robert Cary and Co." merchants.—The measure spoken of in the postscript, is also in my possession. It is made of stiff paper sewed together, all the marks written upon it are in the general's hand writing.

Your obedient Servant,

CHRISTOPHER D——N.

Virginia, 26th April, 1763.

MR. LAWRENCE,—Be pleased to send me a genteel suite of cloaths, made of superfine broad cloth, handsomely chosen;—I should have inclosed you my measure, but in a general way, they are so badly taken here, that I am convinced it would be of very little service; I would have you, therefore, take measure of a gentleman who wears well made cloaths of the following size, to wit: six feet high, and proportionably made; if any thing, rather slender than thick, for a person of that highth, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last, and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next, it shall be pointed out. Mr. Cary will pay your bill, and I am, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,
GO. WASHINGTON.

Note.—For your further government and knowledge of my size, I have sent the inclosed, and you must observe, yt from ye coat end to No. 1 and No. 3, is ye size over ye breast and hips.

- No. 2. over the belly, and
 No. 4. round ye arm, and from ye
 breeches end,
 To No. a. is for waistband.
 b. thick of the thigh.
 c. upper button hole.
 d. knee band.
 e. for length of breeches.

Therefore, if you take measure of a person about six feet high of this bigness, I think you cant go amiss; you must take notice that the inclosed is the exact size, without any allowance for seams, &c.

GO. WASHINGTON.

To Mr. Chas. Lawrence,
 Taylor, in Old Fish-street, London.

ON DECORATING CHURCHES WITH EVERGREENS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As the season is now approaching when the churches are, by annual custom, decorated with holly and other evergreens, it may, probably, be interesting to many of your readers to know the origin of the custom: every Englishman, I am sure, will view it with veneration when he reflects that it has been transmitted to us by the piety of our forefathers, and will therefore regret that a custom so pleasingly associated with their memories, and which has obtained in our church, from time immemorial, through all her revolutions and forms, should be sinking, as it is, into partial oblivion. The following notice of the subject is copied from an interesting work, by Mr. Henry Phillips, entitled the *Sylva Florifera*. Its insertion, I am sure, will oblige many of your readers, and among others.

Your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM PALIN.

Carshalton, Dec. 7th, 1824.

"We revere the holly-branch with its spiny and highly-varnished foliage, which reflects its coral berries, as an emblem that foretells the festival of Christmas, and the season when English hospitality shines in roast beef, turkeys, and the national pudding.

"Tradition says that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs; and that the disciples adopted the plan, as more likely to attract the notice of the people, because the heathens built their temples in this manner, probably to imitate the temples of Saturn, which were always under the oak.

"The great feast of Saturn was held in December; and as the oaks in this country were then without leaves, the priests obliged the people to bring in boughs and sprigs of evergreens; and Christians, on

the twenty-fifth of the same month did the like; from whence originated the present custom of placing holly and other evergreens in our churches and houses, to shew the feast of Christmas is arrived.

"We presume the name of holly is a corruption of the word holy, as Dr. Turner, our earliest writer on plants, calls it *holy* and *holy-tree*; which appellation was given it, most probably, from its being used in holy places. It has a great variety of names in Germany, amongst which is *Christdorn*; in Daniah it is also called *Christstorn*, and in Swedish, *Christtorn*, amongst other appellations; from whence it appears that it is considered a holy plant by certain classes in those countries."

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

SIR,—Passing through the village of Horachurch, Essex, last Christmas day, my attention was attracted to a crowd of villagers sallying forth to a field near the church, led by a man dressed in a farmer's frock with the head of an animal on the top of a long pole with an orange in its mouth, which afterwards I learnt to be the head of a boar.

I inquired from a person I met with the meaning of so novel a sight, and he informed me it was wrestled for every Christmas-day by the peasantry. If in your MIRROR of Amusement and Instruction you can give the origin of so singular a custom, you will much oblige

R. R.

* We confess we do not know the origin of this custom, but doubt not that some of our readers can give an explanation.—Ed.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

DELIGHTFUL Health! return, return!
 Nor leave me thus to weep and mourn

Thy absence and delay:
 Relieve me from these languid sighs,
 Dispel the mist that clouds my eyes,
 And bring the cheerful day.

In youth and hardy poverty,
 My time flew sweetly on, with thee—
 Thou wast my constant friend;
 But now, when Fortune smiles upon,
 And comforts please me, thou art gone,
 And all thy visits end.

Unlike the world, thou seek'st the shed,
 The sunny field, and humble bed—
 The cot, that is thine home:
 Thou flyest the soft and easy chair,
 Luxurious wines and sumptuous fare,
 The couch and splendid dome.

Delightful Health! return, return!
 Nor leave me thus to weep and mourn
 Thy absence and delay:
 Relieve me from these languid sighs,
 Dispel the mist that clouds my eyes,
 Bring back the cheerful day,

K. H. H.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

DEAREST Leobia! let me slip
A thousand kisses from thy lip—
Unmindful what remarks engage
The captious tongue of selfish age.
Another thousand kisses give:
Let's live to love, and love to live.
Suns set and rise again;—but we
Shall sleep out an eternity
When we once set. Bestow! bestow
Another thousand kisses now.
Dear Girl! we'll now confuse the whole,
Lest some mean invidious soul
Should know the number given—and hate
The love he cannot imitate.

K. K. K.

LINES ON A BANK NOTE, BY
BURNS.

THE following lines, in the handwriting of Burns, are copied from a Bank Note, in Mr. James Gracie's possession, of Dumfries. The note is of the bank of Scotland; and is dated as far back as the 1st March, 1786.

WAS worth thy power, thou cursed lent!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!—
For lack o' thee I scrip my glass.
For the children of affliction
Unaided, thro' thy cur'd restriction,
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spell.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Neyer, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.—KYLE.

MOTHER EVE'S PUDDING.—A RECIPE.

If you'd have a good pudding, pray mind what you're taught,
Take two penny-worth of eggs when you've twelve for a groat:
Take of the same fruit which Eve did once eat,
When pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen,
Six ounces of bread. Let your maid cut the crust,
The crumb must be grated as small as the dust.—
Six ounces of currants from the stones you must sort,
Lest you break all your teeth, and spoil all the sport.
Five ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet;
Some salt and some nutmeg, to make it complete.
Three hours let it boil, without hurry or futter,
And then dish it up with some good melted butter.

RELICS OF RICHARD III.

THE oak bedstead which Richard the Third took with him, when he went to the famous battle of Bosworth, is now in the possession of Mr. Babington, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. It is very ponderous, and without being suspected, it was filled with pieces of gold. One hundred and twenty years afterwards, a servant at the inn sweeping under it, struck the bottom, and some gold coin fell out. She mentioned the circumstance to her mistress, and some thousand pieces were found in the bottom, head, and hollow

pillars. The mistress in consequence became rich; and two of her servants murdered her in the night and carried off the gold; but they were taken, and executed. The stone coffin in which Richard was buried, was taken up about a century ago, and converted into a horse-trough, at the White Horse inn, and its broken relics were preserved by Mr. Phillips, a bookseller, at Leicester, till they were destroyed by an accidental fire in 1795.

CITY CHARTER.

IN the second year of the reign of William the Conqueror, at the intercession of the Norman Bishop of London, he granted a charter to the citizens in their own language—a mighty favour at that time when the French tongue began to prevail. The charter consists of four lines and a quarter, beautifully written in the Saxon character, on a slip of parchment of the length of six inches and breadth of one, which is preserved among the city archives as a great jewel. The seal of the charter is of white wax, and being broken into divers pieces, they are sewed up and carefully preserved in an orange-coloured silken bag; on one side is the Conqueror on horseback; and on the reverse, he is sitting in a chair of state; the rim of the seal being almost gone, the only letters remaining are M. WILL. But the writing of the charter is very fair. The following is an exact translation of this curious and important document:—
“William the King greets William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the Burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all law worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's days; and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you.”

ANDREW.

DE ORIGINE VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Qu an d fr vul str
os guls ins luf do nere i avit.
Il san m chr fu

Imitated and Translated.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

cur f w d dis and p
A sed lend rought eath case ain,
bles fr b br and ag

N. B. The second or middle line is to be read with the first and third, as the following:—
Quos anguis dirus tristi de vulnere stravit.
Hos anguis mirus christi de funere lavit, &c.

Gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.



THE principal entrance of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in Smithfield, is a fine specimen of Doric architecture. It was erected in 1702; and consists of a large arch, over which is a statue of Henry VIII. placed between the Corinthian pillars,—supporting a circular pediment adorned with two figures, emblematical of Sickness and Lameness. Above is a pediment with the royal arms. Of this gate our readers have a good view in the above engraving.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, may claim as a benevolent institution an antiquity of more than seven centuries, it having been originally founded in 1102, by Raherus, who is said to have been a minstrel to Henry I., and established a priory of black canons near it. The endowment of the hospital, which was for "brethren and sisters, sick persons, and pregnant women," was 305*l.*, and it received several additional bequests previous to the time of that great innovator Henry VIII., who, while he suppressed the monastery, preserved the hospital, and gave 500 marks a year to it, on condition that the city should give an equal sum. It was a death-bed bequest on the part of Henry, and not a very sincere one;—the property on which the

500 marks annually were insured was not only in a very ruinous state, but already charged with pensions, so that a very small sum, indeed, was available towards the support of the hundred poor sick of the city of London, for whom his apparently liberal bounty was intended.

The bad faith of the monarch was, however, but an additional incentive to the liberality of the citizens, who repaired the ruinous houses the monarch had bequeathed, which they did at an expense of 1,000*l.*, and provided the means of receiving 100 persons into the hospital so early as the reign of Edward VI., who incorporated it. The expenses of the hospital at this period amounted to 795*l.* a year; the king's endowment, after the repairs made by the city, produced the 500 marks,—a similar sum was given by the corporation, and the deficit was raised by the citizens.

No sooner did the funds admit of an increase of patients, than it was made so, that in the year 1660 the hospital maintained upwards of 300 sick or lame persons, at an expense of 2,000*l.* a year. The hospital, fortunately, escaped the dreadful conflagration of 1660, although several houses constituting a portion of its revenues were destroyed, but they

were almost immediately rebuilt by the citizens, and then became more productive than ever. Thus the hospital continued until the year 1730, when it was deemed necessary to rebuild the whole, and a subscription was raised for the purpose. Gibbs, who built the churches of St. Martin in the Fields and St. Mary le Strand, was selected as the architect, and under his direction the present structure was raised.

The building forms a quadrangle, with an inner court of considerable dimensions. The interior of the hospital is spacious and well arranged. The hall, which is large, contains several paintings, particularly one, representing St. Bartholomew holding the knife by which he was flayed alive, a portrait of Henry VIII., and another of Dr. Radcliff, who was a great benefactor to the hospital. The staircase is indebted to the gratuitous pencil of Hogarth, who has enriched it with a picture of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, and another of the good Samaritan, as well as other paintings, in return for which he was elected a governor.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which formerly had two auxiliary establishments, in King'sland-road, and Kent-street, in Southwark, is open to accidents at all times, and there is considerable facility given to the admission of patients, who receive the best medical and surgical advice. The number of in-patients is about 5,000, and that of out-patients nearly 6,000 annually.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE ruins of the Wartburg, an ancient residence of the Electors of Saxony, hang majestically above the town on a wooded eminence, overlooking the most beautiful portion of the Thuringian forest. It was here that the Elector did Luther the friendly turn of detaining him ostensibly as a prisoner, to secure him against the hostility of the church, whom his boldness before the diet at Worms had doubly incensed; and, among the few apartments still maintained in some sort of repair, is that in which the reformer lightened the tedium of his durance, by completing the translation of the Bible. In the pious work he was often interrupted by the devil, who viewed its progress with dismay, but who could not have been treated

with greater contempt by St. Dunstan himself than by the reformer. Having appeared in vain, not only in his infernal personality, but under the more seducing forms of indolence, lukewarmness, and love of worldly grandeur, he at length assumed the shape of a large *blue fly*. But Luther knew Satan in all his disguises, rebuked him manfully, and at length, losing all patience as the concealed devil still buzzed round his pen, started up, and exclaiming, *Willst du dann nicht ruhig bleiben!*¹ hurled his huge ink-stand at the prince of darkness. The diabolical intruder disappeared, and the ink, scattered on the wall, remains until this, a visible proof of the great reformer's invulnerability to all attacks of the evil one.†

Tour in Germany.

THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

THE memory of Louisa may safely disregard the foul calumnies of French babblers, who lied and invented to gratify their unmanly master; if the character of a woman and a queen is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her subjects, few of her rank will fill a more honourable place. She said herself, shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women; but whoever knows the calamities of these times, will say of me, she suffered much, and she suffered with constancy. May he be able to add, she gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at length succeeded." She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for her virtues; she had all the qualifications of an amiable woman, of a queen she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people; it was her pure, mild, simple, and affectionate character.

Major Köckeritz, an old veteran officer,

* Wilt thou not be quiet?

† I have often heard the above related in a different manner from this, by a relation who had been abroad, and had visited the place. It ran thus:—"Luther being busily employed in translating the bible, when Satan suddenly appeared, in *propria persona*, and began to torment him. Luther bore it patiently, till having made him make some mistake, he rose and threw his ink-stand at the head of the devil, which hit him; and the blood flew all over the wall, and his black majesty disappeared." He vouchsafed for the truth of this, and said that there certainly was red spots (similar to blood) upon the wall. How persons differ!

Nota by F. C. N.

was much in the confidence of the king,* and frequently dined at the royal table. The queen observed that he always retired before coffee was brought in, and she learned from her husband, had accustomed himself to smoke a pipe along with his coffee, an indulgence which he could not enjoy in the presence of her majesty. Next day, when the major was about to retire as usual, the queen left the apartment for a moment, and returned with pipes and a box of tobacco: "There, major, I know you like tobacco as well as coffee; do you imagine I will not know an old friend's face through the smoke of his pipe?"

It would probably be going too far to follow, to its whole extent, the enthusiastic execration which the Prussians bestow upon Bonaparte for the unfeeling insolence with which they assert him to have treated their idolized queen; but it was an unmanly exploit, to strive to hurt the feelings of a woman. "The object of my journey," said the queen to him, on his first visit after her arrival, "is to prevail on your majesty to grant Prussia an honourable peace." "How," answered Napoleon, "in a tone of sovereign contempt, "how could you think of going to war with me?" "It was allowable," replied the queen, "that the fame of Frederick should lead us to overrate our strength, if we have overrated it."

While Berlin remained in his possession (Napoleon's), tongues and pens were ordered to ridicule and vilify the queen; nor did the emperor himself always blush at relating the lying calumnies invented to please him. A distinguished literary character had the boldness to say, in the very presence-chamber of Napoleon, "If his majesty wishes to be *thought* an emperor, he must first *learn* to be *more* of a knight; by encouraging these foul slanders against an absent and unfortunate woman, he only makes it *doubtful* whether he *even* be a man." *Ibid.*

* Frederick William of Prussia.

THE SAXON HEPTARCHY— KING EDGAR.

THE Saxons (upon their conquest) established an octarchy, or eight independent kingdoms in the island; namely, Kent, Sussex, Wessex, Essex, East-Anglia, Bernicia, Deira, and Mercia, though from the frequent union of Bernicia and Deira under one head, and at those periods bearing the common name of Northumbria, they have generally been considered as seven only. Among the monarchs of this octarchy there was frequently one whose authority was acknowledged by all,

or most of his cotemporaries. The title by which he was designated, was that of "Bretwalda," the wielder or sovereign of Britain. Whether he obtained it by the influence of his power, or received it from the spontaneous suffrage of his equals, is doubtful; nor do we know whether any duties or prerogatives were attached to his dignity. By Bede the title is given to seven of the Saxon princes; other historians enumerate eight, viz:—Alla of Sussex, Cenwain of Wessex, Ethelbert of Kent, Redwald of East-Anglia, Edwin, Oswald, and Oswio of Northumbria, and Egbert of Wessex.*

To Athelstan, who flourished towards the middle of the tenth century, belongs the glory of having established what has ever since been called the Kingdom of England. His predecessors, until the reign of Alfred, had been styled "Kings of Wessex." That monarch and his son Edward, assumed the title of "Kings of the Anglo-Saxons." Athelstan sometimes called himself "King of the English;" and at other times claimed the more pompous title of "King of all Britain." Under his crown all the countries originally conquered, and colonized by the Saxons, became united.

The most powerful and splendid, however, of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, was Edgar, the nephew of Athelstan, who succeeded to the throne about the year 955 or 7. Proud of his ascendancy, he assumed the most lofty titles. He styled himself "King of the English, and of all the nations dwelling around, monarch of all Albion, and of the Kings of the Isles." We are assured that the princes of Scots and Britons did him service as vassals: and if we may believe one of his charters, all the islands between Britain and Norway, the city of Dublin, and the greater part of Ireland, had submitted to his authority. In lieu of the tribute which his predecessors had imposed on the Welch he exacted an annual present of the heads of three hundred wolves; and so effectual was the expedient, that in four years, that race of ferocious animals was entirely extirpated. The ceremony of his coronation was performed at Bath with great solemnity, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. Thence he proceeded to Chester to receive the homage of eight princes, Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Mac Orric of Anglesey, and the Isles, Jukil of West-

* The opinion that Egbert gave himself the title of first King of England, rests on no sufficient authority. Several of his predecessors had as good a right to it as himself; and his immediate successors contented themselves with the usual style of King of the West Saxons.

moreland, Jago of Galloway, and Howel, Dyfnwal, and Griffith of Wales. The ceremony was opened with a splendid procession by water on the Dee. Edgar stepping into his barge, seated himself at the helm: and the vassal kings, taking the oars, rowed him to the church of St. John the Baptist; the prelates and thanes followed in their barges, while the banks were lined with spectators, and the air resounded with acclamations. At his return he is said to have observed to those around him: "My successors may think themselves kings, when they can command the service of the like number of princes." Edgar died in the year 975, two years after his coronation. The Chron. Sax. has preserved parts of the poems made on the occasion. The following is a literal version of some of the papers:—"Here ended his earthly joys, Edgar, England's king, and chose the light of another world beauteous and happy. Here Edgar departed, the ruler of the Angles, the joy of the West Saxons, the defender of the Mercians. That was known afar among many nations. Kings beyond the baths of the sea-fowl worshipped him far and wide: they bowed to the king as one of their own kin. There was no fleet so proud, there was no host so strong, as to seek food in England, whilst this noble king ruled the kingdom. Here reared up God's honour, he loved God's law, he preserved the people's peace, the best of all the kings that were before in the memory of man. And God was his helper: and kings and earls bowed to him: and they obeyed his will; and without battle he ruled all as he willed."—*Lingard's England*.

THE NEAPOLITANS.

MARRIAGES at Naples among the upper classes are, as every where else, decided by considerations of rank and fortune; but the rest of the population run into the opposite extreme. Matches are imprudently made in consequence of capricious and sudden inclinations, the nuptial vows are soon forgotten, recrimination and disgust follow close, and thence to infidelity there is but a step. The above remarks on the Neapolitan women admit, of course, of numerous exceptions—indeed there are to be met in this city many and many families in every rank of life, who might be taken for models of moral rectitude, the more to be admired on account of the temptations to which they stand exposed; among the better sort of tradesmen, the greatest regularity of habits prevail.

Apathy and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character.—These people only live in the present; they drive away the idea of futurity as an unwelcome monitor, and whatever they do is marked with thoughtlessness and want of foresight. If a funeral passes by, although it be that of a friend, *salute à noi*, long life to us, they exclaim, shrugging up their shoulders with undiagnosed selfishness.

All their desires are concentrated in enjoyment of the moment; *carpe diem* seems to be the universal precept. The same disposition renders them fond of gambling: that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them; and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night, attracts crowds to the fatal table, where they generally complete their ruin. It is a common practice among many people in this country to promise any thing to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do: consequently little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction—when fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying devastation over the plains below—when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again to their former level, and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburrello* call them again to the lascivious dance of the *tarantella*.

A want of decorum and good breeding is observable in their manners. They are noisy and disorderly in their parties, indiscreet in their questions and reflections, and indelicate and vulgar in their language, vain, boastful, and exaggerating.

From what I have said, it will appear that I look upon Naples as one of the most corrupt cities in Europe. It is, however, a corruption different from that of other capitals, such as Paris or London; it is a mixture of the rudeness of a people half savage, for such is the state of the lower classes, with the vices of luxury and civilization fostered among the upper ones. It is a sad remark that the Neapolitans seem to have copied from the various nations that have successively

ruled over them; rather their bad than their good qualities; and this observation is particularly applicable to their intercourse with the French, their late masters.

In point of science and literature, the Neapolitans, although, generally speaking, they are behind the rest of the Italians, still can boast of many illustrious names among their countrymen. Most of their literary characters are unknown beyond the limits of their native country; among those whose names are more familiar, may be mentioned, Cardano, Bruno; and in the last century, Vico, Genovisi, two great logicians; Giannone, the author of the history of the Two Sicilies; Filangieri, who wrote on the science of legislation; Cerlone, the author of several comedies; the famous Galiani; Cavalier Filomarino, and the Padre della Torre, both celebrated naturalists; Mario Pagano; Russo; the two well-known physicians Cirillo and Cotugno; and many others. The most learned class in Naples is that of the lawyers; among whom are to be found many, who, besides a deep knowledge of their own profession, have also cultivated the muses to advantage, and who claim an acquaintance with the literature of other nations. The names of Gravina, Galanti, Saverio Mattei, and Nicola Valletta, belong to this class.

The law is the only profession at Naples in which a man of abilities may hope to advance, and to reach the highest stations. The Neapolitan lawyers have in a certain manner the best part of the property of the kingdom in their hands, as there is hardly, perhaps, a landholder but has two or three causes pending before the courts. This is one of the greatest evils of this country; a lawyer and a suit are indispensable appendages of property. Some of the principal families have suits which have been carried on for a century, and for which a certain sum is yearly appropriated, although the business never advances, and at last the expenses swallow up the whole capital.

There are at present several literary characters in this country whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. Among the rest, the astronomer Padre Piazzi; a naturalist of the name of Lippi; Cuoco, author of *I viaggi di Platone in Italia*, and of an eloquent account of the revolution of Naples in 1799; the prince of San Giorgio, an antiquary and poet; the Marquis Berio, an elegant poet, and well acquainted with English literature; the duke of Ventignano, a tragic writer; the Marquis Montrone; the Marquis Canetto; and several others.

Mechanical arts have made little pro-

gress at Naples, although they boast of the china of their royal manufactory, of the cutlery of Campo Basso, the woollen cloths of Arpino, their guitars and strings, and their carriages, which are certainly the best specimens of their workmanship. Still, generally speaking, the arts are here in their infancy, and people who can afford to pay for the refinements of life are obliged to get them from France, England, and Germany. The articles of furniture made at Naples are clumsy, heavy, and unfinished; their doors, window-frames, and shutters, never close well, and admit the air through innumerable interstices, so that, on a rainy or chilly day, one is obliged to run out of the house to warm oneself. The best jewelers, milliners, tailors, and shoe-makers, are foreigners; the best *restaurateurs* are Milanese; the only circulating library is kept by a Frenchman; in the same manner the architect who has erected the colonnade in front of the king's palace, is a native of Lombardy; a German has established a cotton manufactory at Piedmonte, a small town about fifty miles from the capital; and the principal merchants and bankers at Naples are also strangers; all which is certainly not to the credit of the natives.

The best specimen of the state of the arts and manufactures in this country, is the yearly exhibition of the produce of national industry, which is open to the public in the month of May, in the lower apartments of the National Palace d' Studj. This people seems, in general, rather better imitators than inventors. There was also an exhibition of paintings by living artists, among which were some good landscapes by Calli, and some historical pieces and portraits by Falciani. Among the painters resident in Naples, must be mentioned Huber, a landscape painter, and a Swiss by birth, an artist of great genius; and Meyer, who excels in his views and costumes of this country, either in body colours or a l'acquarella.

From all that I have said, it will appear that the Neapolitans are possessed of many good natural qualities, which either are slumbering in them, or are not directed towards proper and beneficial objects; yet the elements exist with which many things might be effected: and the mass of the nation, particularly in the provinces, is rather below civilisation than advanced to the extreme of corruption; their minds are like an unbroken soil, which contains all its primitive strength and fertility, and which, with the help of a skilful labourer, might bring forth an abundant and valuable harvest. An able and patriotic ministry,

enjoying the full confidence of the sovereign, could effect wonders in this country."

Vicissurus's Italy and the Italians.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DIGNITY OF THE TURKISH HOSPODAR.

FROM the moment that the Divan has fixed that this or that Drogman shall be promoted to the high dignity of Hospodar of Wallachia or Moldavia, the Prince takes the title of Highness, and surrounds himself with Wallachians and Moldavians, who by their fortune or character have the greatest influence among the Boyards and people of the province to which he is appointed. He promises to some places and appointments, to others the hands of his daughters, which always go with the highest offices. These promises are repeated, until the Prince, having seated himself in his government, does not feel it necessary either to keep them or to make any more.

The manner and behaviour of a Hospodar are sufficiently curious. His dignity is of a very different kind from that which usually distinguishes other great men when they condescend to be seen by their inferiors. When he appears in public or in his palace, if he walks, he lets his head hang down upon his breast, and half shuts his eyes; he feigns deafness, and pretends not to be able to hear when any question is put to him which he does not choose to answer. He never looks on one side, but keeps a constant direct stare, rolling a chaplet continually between his fingers, while with the other hand he chinks some newly-struck gold coin, called *Roubles*, which he keeps in his pocket for that purpose. If he speaks, it is with a very soft gentle voice and in a sing-song tone—a kind of recitative. This is the kind of dignity into which an intriguing and hypocritical Fanariote invariably sinks, either as the natural consequence of his former habits and his present elevation, or because it is understood to accord with the Fanariote notions of what is princely or Hospodariash.

Nothing can equal the tender attentions of the Boyards, and especially the Boyards from the Fanar. The latter approach the person of the Hospodar with most remarkable eagerness; two or three of them seize his arms and raise him from the ground, so that in walking he scarcely reaches the floor with the point of his toes, while two or three other lords

take up the tail of his robe; and thus, with all the air of a wretched paralytic, he passes into his apartments, followed by a train of domestics. When he is put down there he throws away his chaplet, and, putting his money in his pocket, he snatches his pipe with some agility. At that instant a loud Stentorian voice is heard in the hall, when the Prince is seated: this is the cry of the *Tchaouche*, one of his grooms, for coffee and the coffee-bearer. The moment he has sung out *Café! Cafési-Bachi*, the coffee-bearer of his Hospodariat Highness appears with a little cup richly set with diamonds, which is immediately presented. If he wishes to take a meal, the same ceremonies take place. At mid-day a *Tchaouche* cries out a sort of speech to the steward, the butler, and the cup-bearer, and finishes with these words, and all of you, gentlemen, attached to the service of the table of his Highness prepare yourselves. Scarcely is the Prince seated at table, when thirty or forty unseen musicians strike up with their violins and Pan-pipes of fourteen reeds, known in this country by the name of *Miskals*. These musicians are the people known in this country by the name of gipsies, and in France of Bohemians: immense numbers of them inhabit Moldavia and Wallachia, and are called *Tringans*; some leading a settled life, and some, as elsewhere, wandering from place to place. They are said to be very admirable musicians, and capable of executing the richest compositions of Europe with rare precision, though they play entirely by ear, and do not know a single note.

The Prince never asks for any thing at table, all is prepared for him, his bread even is cut into little morsels, and every thing being offered to him, he refuses that which he dislikes. The wine is held in small glass decanters, and the cup-bearer, who is always one of his nearest relations, keeps standing behind him, constantly holding out to him a glass half filled with it. When the meal is finished a *Tchaouche* utters the cry for coffee. It is by that time one o'clock, and another *Tchaouche* shouts out of a window to inform the city that his Highness has dined and is going to take coffee, and the instant after is going to take his repose. From that moment all is buried in the deepest silence, a universal calm spreads itself over the palace, where business of every kind is suspended.

It must not be supposed that this interval, of about three hours, is spent entirely by the Prince in sleep. He employs it, according as he understands it, for the

happiness of his subjects. These are his three hours of meditation, of freedom, and, nominally, of leisure, though it is often the time when he is most actively employed. At four o'clock the noise of the innumerable clocks of Bucharest, which amount to about two hundred, and also that of the *holy plates*, announce that the Prince is not to be supposed any longer asleep. The *holy plates* are certain pieces of copper suspended by two cords, which the priests before the introduction of bells used to strike with mallets, for the purpose of convoking the faithful. The usage is still preserved by the Moldavians, who call the sacred plates *Symandra*, the name they bore at Constantinople, when they were applied to the same use.

The dress of the Hospodar does not differ from that of a noble Turk at Constantinople, except in the head-dress. In place of the turban, he wears a cylindrical cap in imitation of the Kan of the Crimea, composed of yellow cloth, and covered round the lower part with sable. The Prince and the Boyards are alike distinguished from their inferiors by the length of their beards; but no subject, Boyard or not, is permitted to line his slippers with red—this is a privilege which the Hospodar reserves to himself.

London Magazine.

THE BOAR'S HEAD IN EAST- CHEAP.

THIS celebrated tavern is first mentioned in the reign of Richard II., when it was given by Walter Warden, under the description of "All that his tenement called the *Boar's Head in Eastcheap*," to a college of Priests founded by William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked-lane.

Shakspeare is well known to have made this the place of meeting of *Falstaff* and his merry companions in the succeeding reign. *Dame Quickly*, the then supposed hostess, exclaims, in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* to the *Chief Justice*,—

O, my most worshipful Lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Chief Justice.—For what sum?

Hostess.—It is more than sum, my Lord, it is for all—all I have: he hath eat me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his.

In Goldsmith's delightful essay, called "A Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap," amidst a good deal of fancy, the author gives us some particu-

lars of the real history of this place: which it appears, was, soon after the period alluded to, converted into a residence for the religious mentioned, and so continued until the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. He is supposed to be addressed by the shade of *Dame Quickly*—

"My body was sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollution with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, mistresses, and friars, instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness," &c.

Stowe, in his *History of London*, first published in the reign of Elizabeth, again notices it as a tavern; and informs us, in speaking of its history, that the renowned Henry Prince of Wales was not the only one of the royal family whose youthful blood here led them into frolic and riot. His brothers *John* and *Thomas*, with their attendants, between two and three o'clock after midnight, raised such an uproar, that the mayor and under sheriff thought proper to interfere. This the princes took as an insult on their dignity. The magistrates were convened by the celebrated Chief Justice Gascoigne: they stood on their defence, and were honourably dismissed, it being proved that they did no more than their duty towards the maintenance of the peace.

Its re-establishment as a house of entertainment must have taken place very soon after the dissolution, if Goldsmith is correct in relating the following anecdote:—

"Kings themselves have been known to play off at *Primero*, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away in this very room not only the four great bells in St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction."

He continues—"The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her

neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady's eye, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all. In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft, and though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly.

"Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to the Tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked, in general, that whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious."

A tablet in the church-yard behind the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, is said, in the *Universal Spectator*, to have recorded the death of a successor of Francis, "*Anon, anon, Sir,*"

"Here lieth the body of Robert Preston, late drawer, at the Boar's Head Tavern in Great Eastcheap, who departed this life A.D. 1730, aged 27 years."

Bacchus, to give the toying world surprise,
Purchased one sober son, and here he lies;
Though nurs'd among full hogheads, he defied
The charms of wine, as well as other's pride.
O, reader, if to justice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston duly in thy mind;
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweigh'd his spots.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Fray copy Bob in measure and attendance,

Maitland, near this period, speaks thus of the Boar's Head, which appears to have been in great repute:—

"In this street (Eastcheap) is the Boar's Head Tavern, under the sign of which is wrote, *This is the Chief Tavern in London*. It is in this Tavern where some of the scenes of the poet Shakspeare's Henry IV. are laid, in which he introduces Prince Henry, Falstaff, and his companions."

A Boar's head, cut in stone, and fixed in the front of some modern houses, is

the only memorial that now marks the site of this ancient scene of conviviality which has for many years ceased to be a tavern, and is at present occupied by a wholesale perfumer. Goldsmith appears to have been unmindful of the original mansion being destroyed by the Fire of London, in his account of the Boar's Head. The introductory mention of it in his essay must only, therefore, be taken as a specimen of beautiful description:—

"Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and then compared past and present times together. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time," &c. The age of the tavern standing in his time was pointed out by the sculptured boar's head just mentioned, which was put upon its rebuilding, and bears the date 1668.

—*Monday Herald.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Notton.*

BARROW states the visiting ticket sent by the governor of Pe-tche-lee to the British ambassadors, was crimson paper, and of such dimensions, that a room of moderate size might have been papered with it.

EPIGRAM

On a lady observing it was dark, and that night had arrived.

THEN close thine eyes, sweet girl, I pray,
If you would have it night;
For while they shine it must be day,
They give such radiant light.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications have been received, which shall be decided on in our next.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.